Honour Rewarded:

OR, THE

Generous Fortune Hunter.

[Price One Shilling.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

Honour Rewarded:

OR, THE

Generous Fortune Hunter.

A

FARCE,

OF

THREE ACTS,

BY

JOHN DALTON,

OF

CLIFTON.

YORK:

Printed and Sold by F. JACKSON, in *Petergate.*

M.DCC.LXXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO TATE WILKINSON, ESQ.

PATENTEE OF THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

YORK:

THE FOLLOWING SCENES

(AS A SMALL TESTAMONY

OF GRATITUDE)

ARE HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED,

AND MOST OBEDIENT,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

Clifton, December 9, 1774. J. DALTON.

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

WHEN Poets wrack'd their Brains in antient Days,
They ſcribbl'd hard to ſeize the madd'ning Bays:
Ambition fir'd their Breaſts, and thirſty Fame
Their Labors puſh'd t' immortalize a Name:
This Ignis Fatuus, *Myriads then purſu'd,*
And rank'd their ſecond Object—ſocial Good.——
Within the Author's Boſom of to Night
Motives far Nobler glow?——his grand Delight
Contends to civilize the human Heart,
The Laurel give to Nature, not to Art:
His grand Delight's each ſingle ſoul to bleſs,
And point out diff'rent Paths to Happineſs.
Tho' Old—the ſordid Vice of Age he hates;
Tho' Poor—he drives bleak Av'rice from his Gates:
Tho' chill his Blood—his gen'rous Soul his ſuch,
The Tree of Pleaſure, he's forbid to touch,
Robb'd of it's Fruit, he ſees, by ev'ry Boy;
And in their Raptures taſtes a ſecond Joy.
Such then his Feelings,—ſuch his preſent plan——
On erring Pride, that tyrant Lord of Man,
He frowns Contempt, nor hopes a future Day
T'enroll his Name with Shakeſpear, Dryden, Gay:
Pleas'd if to Virtue he can only lend
A ſingle Atom, and her Cauſe befriend;
Or you approve the plain, the homely Diſh,
And ſmile Applauſe——You ſeed his utmoſt Wiſh.
For know his beſt, and his ſevereſt Plea
Is Gratitude——Alas! and Poverty.—— [Offers to go.
Stop,——e'er I go your Favour I'd attain
And Pity pleads the wiſh'd for End to gain,
At leaſt one Crutch, I hope we have to halt on
His Character——'Tis honeſt *Jockey Dalton.*

EPILOGUE,

By the SAME.

To be ſpoken by *LYDIA.*

WHAT think you Ladies! how have I behav'd?
My Character—is't loſt? or is it ſav'd?
You'll not condemn my Conduct ſure in this,
Or call me forward, pert, untoward Miſs——
To contradict Papa, I know, is mighty wrong——
'Tis better ſo——then weeping all Life long.
And that, you'll all allow, wou'd be the Caſe
If Age I'd marri'd——lo! in every Face
How ſmiles of approbation chearful ſit,
Thro' Gall'ries, Boxes, *and the* prudent Pit.
Prudence——nay hold——perhaps I may miſtake,
Prudence, I know, abominates a Rake;
And rather wou'd have Beauty hung on high,
Or mope with ſapleſs Age, or pining die;
Then run the Riſque of better or of worſe,
With ſuch a Spouſe——of Curſes ſure the Curſe——
One civil Queſtion let me aſk or ſo:
Did you good Folks! in Life pray ever know
A Girl for RANGER, *chuſe a wither'd Beau*
Tho' Prudence pleaded?——Anſwer——No, No, No.——
On ſuch a Theme the Dame, I'll grant, may preach;
But we'll purſue what Heav'n, and Nature teach.
The Firſt great Cauſe is held by all moſt dear,
And ſelf Security's a conſtant Care:
Hence then had ſhiv'ring Dotage been my Mate,
My deadly Poiſon, and my mortal Hate,
Neceſſity has ſtrong compulſive Pow'rs,
Some thing 'gainſt Poiſon, Nature plenteous ſhow'rs;
'Tis clear as Day, ſome Antidote I'd taken,
And CHARLES *muſt certainly have ſav'd my* Bacon.
Nay frown not—fair ones! theſe are Nature's Laws,
Oppoſe your Foe, and back the gen'rous Cauſe;
Impartially decide a Point ſo Nice,
And clap your Author for his kind Advice,
To *CLIFTON *ſend him full of honeſt Glee,*
And with his Common, drink his moral, TEA.——

* Place of the Author's Reſidence, who keeps a Public Garden, and accommodates the Company reſorting there with Tea, &c.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LOVEGOLD, Father to *LYDIA*.

SILVERSIDES, an old Miſer betroth'd to *LYDIA*.

CHARLES.
FRANK. } Comrades.
TOM.

CONSTABLE.

LYDIA.

JENNY.

SERVANT and *CHAIR-MEN*.

HONOUR REWARDED:

OR,

THE GENEROUS FORTUNE HUNTER.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the* STREET *before* LOVEGOLD's *Houſe.*

Enter FRANK *and* CHARLES.

FRANK.

WELL Charles I wiſh you ſucceſs, but ſuch a ſcheme for gaining a lady's favour I never heard befo re.

CHARLES.

Perhaps not, but you are ſenſible I have no chance by a regular proceeding.

FRANK.

Very true, but to abuſe her father in the manner you intend; ſhould you ſucceed in your wiſhes with the lady, how can you hope for a reconciliation with him, and all his wealth is at his own diſpoſal.—I wiſh that point could be avoided.

CHARLES.

Nay, by no means that would confound our plan already ſettled, leave that to my management: If I ſucced in this amour, I will behave with the ſtricteſt honour to the lady and likewiſe to her father.

Enter TOM *diſguiſed as an Old Woman, with a Pedlar's Baſket and Stool.*

FRANK.

Well whatever accident may happen, I ſhall aſſiſt you with all the abilities I am maſter off.

CHARLES.

But where is Tom, we may have occaſion for his aſſiſtance, and time for action draws near.

FRANK.

He ſaid he would get a dreſs proper, and be ready in time.

TOM.

Heaven bleſs you gentlemen, beſtow a ſmall charity upon a poor old woman.

CHARLES.

We have nothing for you.

TOM.

Good gentlemen.

FRANK.

Don't ye be troubleſome.

TOM.

Fifteen children have I brought into the world and am forc'd to beg for a morſel of bread in my old age, oh! oh!

FRANK.

Fifteen you have been a merry laſs in your time.

TOM.

O my good gentlemen! I liv'd nine years with my firſt huſband and in that time I had eleven children and a half.

FRANK.

Very good how came you by your half child?

Tom.

TOM.

My husband oft took the air upon the common, (where he now hangs bleaching) and stoped travellers to ask them questions, O! he was as good a pains taking man as ever woman lay by, sheep, geese, cocks and hens—We liv'd in plenty, he was a good provider for his family, at last his industry poor man prov'd fatal to him, he ask'd a gentleman the time of day, and fell in love with his watch, which he brought to his dear wife—As bad luck would have it, they followed him and took him in his own house, carry'd him to jail, nay they would not let him stay supper, it put me in such a fright! that I had a miscarriage; and that was what I ment by my half child, for please your honour I was half gone with child.

FRANK.

What became of your husband?

CHARLES.

Have done with your story, O! this Tom! this Tom! how he loiters.

TOM.

He took his trial, an ill natur'd jury brought him in guilty, the judge condem'd him, and the poor pains taking man was hang'd, O! I have sorrow'd for that day ever since.

FRANK.

Your husband met with his desert, he suffer'd the law.

TOM.

What has the law to do with hungry bellies? we should have had many but for his assistance, but rest his soul! he left me plenty which soon got me a second husband.

CHARLES.

Damn your second husband be gone.

TOM.

Please to hear this part of my story, perhaps you'll pity and give me something.—My second husband was an idle man, he

was a mender of old ſhoes, he did nothing all day but whiſtle and ſing, and coble old ſhoes till we were reduc'd to poverty.

CHARLES.

There you troubleſome wretch.—*(gives him money)*

TOM.

Thank you gentlemen, and when we were reduc'd to poverty———

CHARLES.

Plague of your poverty go about your buſineſs.

TOM.

Oh! good gentlemen you do not know what ſervice an old woman may be to you, but I will give you my aſſiſtance, I know what you are about, you are going to ſteal Mr. Lovegold's daughter———

FRANK.

Amazing!

CHARLES.

Tom has certainly betray'd us.

FRANK.

You ſeem to know ſomething of us—But what aſſiſtance can you give in this affair?

TOM.

No, no, but I'm an old woman yet I wiſh you ſucceſs—*(puts up the money, they diſcover his breeches)*

FRANK.

Pray dame what makes you wear breeches? you certainly are not affraid of a man at your time of life.

TOM.

They keep me warm in my old age—See there's a limb for an old woman of threeſcore, after bearing fifteen children—*(ſhews his ancle)*

Frank.

FRANK.

You have forgot your half child.

TOM.

Ha! ha! ha! O ye blind fools all this while not to diſcover me——

CHARLES.

What Tom!

FRANK.

Excellent, excellent, well done Tom—*(all laughing)*

CHARLES.

O you mortifying rogue how could you torment me ſo, when you know the ſhort time we have upon our hands.

TOM.

I was deſirous to try my new occupation, and by the ſucceſs I think a little practice will bring me to ſome proficiency—You ſee I have got a ſhilling from you which I look upon to be a maſter ſtroke, as I know you are poor.

CHARLES.

Nay Tom I did not give it you as charity, it was only to get rid of your troubleſome company—I confeſs I did not think it was you, tho' I knew you was gone to diſguiſe yourſelf.

TOM.

Therefore greater the deception—I went to the church-yard as the people were going to prayers and in leſs then five minutes I collected eight-pence half-penny—Your wiſh'd for ſpouſe gave me a penny, but old cloſe fiſt her father, I had a heard a tug with before I could get any thing—He did not regard my firſt requeſt *as pity a poor old woman*, I then rais'd my voice and follow'd him, *(mimicks an old woman)*—he threw me a half-penny—And away I came knowing it was the time we appointed to meet.

CHARLES.

Lets to buſineſs, Frank you to church whilſt I ſtand aloof, and give notice when they return from prayers. Tom.

TOM.

In the mean time i'll go to the maid and try what I can get from her.

FRANK.

Have you got a chair in readineſs?

TOM.

I have. *Exit. Charles and Frank.*

TOM *Raps at the Door, Enter* JENNY.

TOM.

Bleſs your ſweet face, pleaſe to look into my baſket and ſee if there is any thing you would chuſe to buy.

JENNY.

What have you got to ſell?

TOM.

Buttons, ſtuds, thread, needles, pins, gartering and laces—I would not have a young woman be without a neat pair of garters.

JENNY.

I think that is needleſs as they are not in ſight.—(*buſſey in the baſket*)

TOM.

I'll let you know better by and by—I wiſh your ſweet-heart was here he would buy you ſomething.

JENNY.

He buy me ſomething—I have got ne'er a ſweet-heart.

TOM.

If I have any ſkill that face of yours will not let you be long without one—Let me look into your hand, I have got the giſt of fortune telling—My ſkill ſhall coſt you nothing, be your fortune good bad or indifferent—(*takes hold of her hand*)—I proteſt here's a fair table, you have a chance to marry an old rich gentleman, let me ſee, it is not your maſter, but you have a powerful rival in

this

this houſe—The old gentleman who I think will be your huſband oft viſits here—But where is the other young woman if I could look into her hand I would ſoon clear this doubt.

JENNY.

It's my young miſtreſs—Oh! ſhe has an old rich gentleman courts her they are upon the point of marriage, my maſter inſiſts of her having him, tho' its greatly againſt her inclination.

TOM.

That's your man, act with caution—But when can I ſee you again and the other young lady?

JENNY.

If you will be here by and by, my maſter generally takes a nap after prayers—I will acquaint my young miſtreſs and we will both ſee you—*(going)*

TOM.

Hark ye, take an old woman's advice—Before you go beſure to be neat about your feet, and no holes in your ſtockings.

JENNY.

Have I holes in my ſtockings—*(takes up a little way)*

TOM.

No I ſee your ſtockings are———white, hold up your foot; now ſee how the blue ribband becomes the white ſtocking. *(placing the ribband upon her leg)*—Our ſex muſt do ſomething to allure the men—When you ſee your lover coming, be tying your garter ſeem ſurpriſed at his ſeeing you, run away and leave your garter—If he is half a man he will take it up, and call Mrs. Jenny you have left your garter—This may occaſion further diſcourſe betwixt you—Receive it with the ſtricteſt modeſty, make him a curtſey, thank him, and if you then could bluſh it would add greatly to your beauty and behaviour.

JENNY.

Let me ſee that blue ribband; what muſt I give you?

Tom.

TOM.

There is three yards, you will not think two ſhillings too much.

JENNY.

How came you to know my name was Jenny—*(gives him money)*—You never ſaw me before?

TOM.

That is a caſt of my art.

JENNY.

You are a comical old body, I wiſh I could ſtay longer to hear you, but my maſter and young lady are coming from prayers.

TOM.

May I knock at the door?

JENNY.

By no means, when I have an oppertunity i'll come and be you in the way. *Exit.*

TOM.

I think I have tickled your ears,

Enter CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Well what news from the maid?

TOM.

Nothing but what we knew before, but i'm to ſee her again. What's the matter! Charles you are ſerious don't let your heart fail you the firſt onſet; you know the proverb, "*faint heart never won fair lady*"

CHARLES.

Never fear—Hear comes Frank—Huſh they are returning ſtep aſide.

TOM.

I'll go ſit me down and watch how you proceed—*(retires to a corner and ſits down.)*

Charles

CHARLES, *affecting to be drunk Sings,*
Oh! lovely maid my doubts beguile.

Enter to him FRANK, *at the ſame time at the upper Entrance Enter Mr.* LOVEGOLD *and Miſs* LYDIA, *liſtning.*

FRANK.

You are merry Charles, merry! why you are drunk.

CHARLES.

This armer of Bacchus is no proof againſt Cupid's darts, i've been taking a bottle extraordinary to relieve my mind, and to no purpoſe, her dear image ruſhes into my breaſt with ſuch a torrent that an ocean of wine can't waſh it hence.

FRANK.

What dear image do you mean?

CHARLES.

A young lady who dwells in this houſe.

FRANK.

Be advis'd, be cool, you know you cannot get your fathers conſent, was your love agreeable to the lady; as he inſiſts on your marrying lady Greenbank.

CHARLES.

Was my love agreeable to the lady I would marry her, forbid it that would—What ſhall I give offence to marry where I love? No Frank i'll not be forced into a match with an old woman for the ſake of a large eſtate——

FRANK.

Not ſo old, but ſtill ſhe is agreeable,

CHARLES.

Take her yourſelf if ſhe be agreeable to you, your age and hers will ſuit better—Miſs Lovegold's caſe and mine are alike; her father inſiſts of her marrying an old miſer for the ſake of his riches, and my father inſiſts on me marrying an old woman for the ſake of a large eſtate—But i'll ſeek redreſs if I can obtain it.

(advances to the door)

FRANK.

I beg you'll not make yourſelf rediculas—If you are determin'd to declare you love to the lady—Go like a gentleman—Go ſober; come ſir I muſt take a little authority on me at this juncture; you ſhall not knock at the door.

CHARLES.

You take authority to controul me, give me way, or by her I love I ſhall reſent it in ſuch a manner as may be diſagreeable to you—*(half draws)*

FRANK.

Raſh man deſiſt, were I as choleric as you, what would be the conſequence—Believe me Charles I love you with a brotherly fondneſs, and as I perceive you have an honourable love for the lady, I will uſe my endeavours with your father to authoriſe your addreſſes; and your own conduct may in time recommend you both to the lady and her father.

CHARLES.

Dear Frank you rivet my heart to yours.

FRANK.

Come lets be gone—I ſhould be aſham'd if the lady of your affection ſhould ſee you in this condition.

CHARLES.

Well then I will only kiſs the rapper—*(ſeizes the rapper)*

FRANK.

Fond madman enjoy your conceit!

CHARLES.

Thou brazen miniſter whom her fair hands ſo oft' have touch'd, let me apply the to thy proper uſe—*(raps violently)*

Enter JENNY.

FRANK.

The gentleman's miſtaken the door—Pray Charles——

Charles

CHARLES.

His your maſter at home?

JENNY.

My maſter and miſtreſs are here.

Mr. LOVEGOLD *and Miſs* LYDIA, *paſs haſtily into the Houſe and ſhuts the Door.* CHARLES *Raps; Enter* JENNY.

CHARLES.

Let your maſter know a gentleman would ſpeak with him?

JENNY.

My maſter is not at home.

CHARLES.

Your maſter is at home?

JENNY.

Sir i'm a ſervent in this houſe, and that was my order.

CHARLES.

You are very right—*bowing*] *Jenny ſhuts the door.*

FRANK.

Break his windows, in the mean time i'll ſend for the chair. (*Charles goes behind the ſcenes, a breaking of glaſs is heard*—[*to Tom*)—Pray old lady will you go for a chair to take this gentleman to his lodgings.

TOM.

Yes ſir—(*going*)—I'll leave my baſket.

FRANK.

Nimbly, ſix-pence is money.

Enter Mr. LOVEGOLD, CHARLES *bruſhes againſt him with his Hands Bloody.*

CHARLES.

To affront a gentleman in this manner, not to be ſuffer'd to ſpeak to him.

LOVEGOLD.

What's the meaning of this disturbance, have you a mind to break into my house?

CHARLES.

Sir, as you are so kind as to open the door i'll enter that way. *(going to the door)*

FRANK.

Dear Charles let me conduct you home—I'm affraid you have hurt yourself—*(stops him)*

CHARLES.

What! am I a child to be tutor'd in this manner—*(draws)*

(Lovegold retires to apart of the stage frighted)

FRANK.

Am I oblig'd to defend myself—*(draws)*—where is the heart so lately riveted to mine—But i'll interfere no more in this affair. *(puts up)*—Be as extravagant as you please—A notable wooer, to make love sword in hand, very fine, very fine.

CHARLES.

Very fine, very fine, as you please, but you shall not be my hindrance—I will address the lady—*(Lydia in the balcony)* And lo the sovereign of my soul appears—*(Frank and Lovegold apart)*—Madam time will not admit an appology for my past behaviour; but behold a stranger who adores you with that sincerity of heart as might deserve your attention—I only desire one interview with you and your father, when I may make such proposals as I hope will not be disagreeable to either.

LYDIA.

I cannot return any answer to your request—I'm at the disposial of an indulgent parent, I wish you well—Retire and let your wounds be search'd, they may be dangerous.

Enter TOM *with a Chair.*

Charles.

CHARLES.

Your will and pleaſure are commands to me, I obey—*(wraps his hand in a handkerchief)*—Theſe are only ſcratches—*(puts his hand in his breaſt)*—But here is the gaſh I ſhall carry to my grave! *(bows and gets into the chair)*—Bear me to my lodgings.

Chair goes off TOM *crawls after*; LYDIA *retires.*

FRANK.

How ſhall I make up the breach for this raſh man; I could not reſtrain him perhaps without ſheding blood.

LOVEGOLD.

You behav'd like a gentlemen, walk in ſir and let me know who this ſtranger is?

FRANK.

You ſhall know who he is and have full ſatisfaction for all he has commited—But excuſe me ſir at this time, I muſt go and ſee his wounds dreſt; he ſhall aſk you pardon—Though without doubt he will be aſham'd to appear in your preſence when he reflects on his paſt behaviour.

LOVEGOLD.

He may ſave himſelf that trouble—I underſtand he would addreſs my daughter; but I have already provided her a huſband, therefore ſhall not ſee him concerning any ſuch buſineſs.

FRANK.

I am very glad to hear it ſir, for he would diſoblige a loving father, a father who has likewiſe provided for him an undeniable match, a lady of honour with a large eſtate, and he's a younger brother and will have no fortune but what his father pleaſes.

LOVEGOLD.

Sir, you'll oblige me if you will acquant him with what I have mentioned, that I may have no more of his drunken aires about my houſe.

Frank.

FRANK.

Sir, I ſhall not only acquaint him but likewiſe his father, who I am certain will reſtrain him from giving any further diſturbance.

LOVEGOLD.

Sir, i'm your humble ſervant.

FRANK.

I'm yours ſir. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE, CHARLES *diſcovered wiping his Hands,*

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir here's an old woman would ſpeak with you?

CHARLES.

Deſire her to walk up. *Exit. Servant.*

Enter TOM.

TOM.

Egad I was oblig'd to aſk admittance into our own lodgings.

CHARLES.

Well met boy all hitherto is ſafe?

TOM.

I hope ſo, I left Frank and old Lovegold together.

Enter FRANK.

FRANK.

Hah! my bloods now we are together, let's ſhake hands, ſucceſs, ſucceſs, ſucceſs.

CHARLES.

The ſtorm is riſing, ſtand to your tackle, we may wheather the point and get ſafe into harbour.

FRANK.

Charles has got upon the ocean, never fear boy our veſſel is well man'd

Tom.

TOM.

And tight too my boys—*Sings.* [*A light heart, &c.*

CHARLES.

How ſhall I get a letter to her laſe.

FRANK.

It muſt go by Tom, in the dreſs he is now in, as he has orders from the maid to be in waiting———

TOM.

It muſt be ſo, for when I go in my own cloaths with the glaſier, I may not have an oppertunity.

CHARLES.

In the mean time Frank, help me to diſguiſe myſelf.

FRANK.

I'll give you a night cap, and flannels plenty, with a large pair of ſpectacles upon your noſe; and when you are upon crutches the devil himſelf ſhall not know you.

CHARLES.

And if I can perſwade him to take a bottle at our room, I ſhould not fear but to come at the lady.

FRNAK.

I believe he is that ſordid wretch who would take a bottle or two upon free coſt.

TOM.

Don't you expect he ſhall pay for them Charles?

CHARLES.

Ay, ay, my boy.

TOM.

Forward, forward my hearts let's away—If we do not gain the point our education is loſt upon us. (*All go off Singing*)

" *A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,*
" *Goes thorough the world my brave boys.*"

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *in* Mr. LOVEGOLD's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſs LYDIA *and* JENNY.

LYDIA.

OH Jenny! I fear I ſhall never be myſelf again, the intereſt my heart took in faviour of the young gentleman who bred this diſturbance on my account, affects me ſtrangely—I wiſh his quarrel with his friend may end without further miſchief.

JENNY.

Never fear madam, you ſee the elder brother gave it up.

LYDIA.

Ay the young gentleman his a man of courage, and would not take an affront tho' from an elder brother.

JENNY.

I believe madam, if your friends and his was agreeable, you would marry him, rather then Mr. Silverſides.

LYDIA.

Believe me, I had rather marry that young gentleman without a fortune then Mr. Silverſides with all his wealth.

JENNY.

O Madam! when you was at prayers this evening, I had an old woman with me who tells fortunes; ſhe hinted ſuch things to me concerning our family as would ſurprize you—She is about the door, if you'll give me leave i'll call her in.

LYDIA.

By all means let me ſee her—*(Exit. Jenny)*—Oh! my heart, where will it now find repoſe, this young ſtranger has rais'd emotions I never felt before—What may be the conſequence, I know not—But if he is not mine i'm miſerable.

Enter

Enter JENNY *and* TOM *Diſguis'd.*

TOM.

Your ſervant ſweet lady.

LYDIA.

My ſervant informs me you tell fortunes?

TOM.

Yes madam I underſtand palmiſtry.

LYDIA.

Look into my hand.

TOM.

Madam when I would reveal the ſecrets of my art, I never admit a third perſon——

LYDIA.

Jenny retire. *Exit Jenny.*

TOM.

(Taking her hand)—Amazing! amazing!

LYDIA.

What's the matter!

TOM.

Perhaps you'll not give credit to what I ſhall reveal—But by all the ſigns of the Zodiac, you'll be marry'd before the expiration of——pray what a clock is it?

LYDIA.

About ſeven.

TOM.

Let me ſee—*(muſing)*—Seven and ſeven is twelve, and ſeven is twenty four, and ſeven is thirty-ſix—Then you will be marry'd before the expiration of twenty four hours.

LYDIA.

Oh! what a calculator, ſeven and ſeven is twelve—I'm affraid you are as bad a conjurour as you are an arethmitician.

TOM.

Revile not my art—I ſay ſeven and ſeven is twelve; are there not twelve hours from ſeven in the evening to ſeven in the morning.

LYDIA.

Undoubtedly.

TOM.

Very well then, likewiſe from ſeven in the morning to ſeven in the evening are twelve more—Don't interrupt me—Let me look into your hand again nothing more certain—Here is a union of hearts—The male generous, conſtant and tender, ſuch a one is now devoted, you have a power to refuſe his heart but then the conſequence, if you miſs this opportunity the gentleman travels and you will never ſee him more; you ſeem to doubt, madam this paper perhaps may explain ſomething—*(gives a letter)*

LYDIA.

(Reads)—TO THE LOVELY *LYDIA LOVEGOLD.* A gallant ſpark he directs with an encomium.

MADAM,

In obediance to a fathers ſevere commands, i'm ordered to leave this place to-morrow morning; I fear I cannot ſee you to aſk pardon for my rude behaviour; but was I ſenſible Miſs Lovegold did not diſpiſe me—(reads to herſelf)—Um um um, loſt adorer,

CHARLES RINGFENCE.

Poor gentleman—How came you by this letter?

TOM.

A young gentleman a little above call'd me to a window, and aſk'd me if I knew ſuch a houſe, nameing this, I told him I did, then ſays he if you can convey this letter with ſecrecy to the lady i'll reward you generouſly.

LYDIA.

Was the gentleman in liquor?

TOM.

I thought he was.

LYDIA.

Was he not lame of a hand?

TOM.

No madam, though I perceiv'd his wriſt was wrapp'd with black ſilk.

LYDIA.

Do you know the gentleman?

TOM.

No.

LYDIA.

Can you tell the perſons name I ſhall marry?

TOM.

Yes madam, permit me to look into your hand again—*(takes hold of her hand)*—His name his Charles.

LYDIA.

Bleſs us what will become of me.

TOM.

Madam if the letter requires an anſwer, I ſhall deliver it with ſafety.

LYDIA.

Let the gentleman know I excuſe his drunken frolick, and wiſh him his health.

TOM.

I will madam, your ſervant ſtays.

LYDIA.

(Reads)—In obediance to a fathers ſevere commands—Severe parents indeed—*Where I ſenſible Miſs Lovegold did not deſpiſe me*—Deſpiſe you—*(kiſſes the letter eagerly)*

Enter LOVEGOLD *yauning*, JENNY *following*.

LOVEGOLD.

What old woman is this? and what paper is that you were kiſſing ſo eagerly?

LYDIA.

Only ſome receipts concerning pickling.

LOVEGOLD.

I ſhould rather think it ſome paper of ſweetmeats you lick'd it ſo cloſe—Come madam let me ſee it—*(takes the letter, Tom endeavours to ſneak off, Lovegold ſtops him)*—Do you ſtay here till I examine you—Jenny go for a conſtable—*(Exit Jenny) (reads) Cruel parents, um, loſt adorer*—Excellent pickles indeed, ſuch pickles as theſe undoubtedly will give a reliſh to Mr. Silverſides appetite—A huſſy a baggage—*(walks about uneaſy.)*

Enter SILVERSIDES.

SILVERSIDES.

What's the matter? Mr Lovegold at variance with your family. What is the matter Miſs? your father is in a violent paſſion.

LYDIA.

I cannot tell ſir, i'm ſure I have done no ill.

LOVEGOLD.

I have found her out Mr. Silverſides, I have found her out; I went to take a nap after prayers as uſual, but I could not ſleep, ſo coming unexpectedly upon her, I cought her reading and kiſſing this letter as if ſhe would eat it—*(gives it Silverſides)* Why do not you ſend an anſwer, your emiſary is waiting.

LYDIA.

I have ſent all the anſwer I ſhall. Lovegold.

LOVEGOLD.

Well ſir, what do you think of that letter—*(Silverſides ſhrugs and ſhakes his head)*—This has been the cauſe of your delays with Mr. Silverſides, let me have no more of your intrigues, but prepare for your nuptials to-morrow morning.

LYDIA.

Sir I have ever been dutiful to you, I beg firſt you will examine ſtrictly into this affair, for I am determined not to give my hand whilſt my character is any ways queſtionable—A week or two may ſet my conduct in a clear light.

LOVEGOLD.

Do you hear her Mr. Silverſides?

SILVERSIDES.

Ay, ay, love with all my heart, I can ſtay a week or fortnight longer.

Enter JENNY.

JENNY.

Sir the conſtable is below, and here is an old gentleman come to wait on you in a chair, he is wrapped in flannels, and is ſo infirm that he deſires to have the chair brought into the room.

LOVEGOLD.

Let the chair be brought in, and tell the conſtable to come.

Enter a Chair, CHARLES *comes out perſonating his Father; Conſtable follows.*

CHARLES.

Gentlemen your ſervant.

LOVEGOLD.

Pleaſe to take a chair—*(Charles ſits)*

CHARLES.

Sir, my buſineſs is with Mr. Lovegold.

LOVEGOLD.

Lovegold is my name.

CHARLES.

I have been inform'd my ſon has committed ſome irregularities about your houſe—I ſhould be glad to know the cauſe, I am ſo well acquainted with my boys diſpoſition, that I think he would not unprovok'd give an affront to any man.

LOVEGOLD.

There was no affront on my ſide ſir, only ſhutting the door againſt a madman, for which he broke my windows; then drew his ſword upon his friend to entertain me with a duel; and laſtly to make amends made love to my daughter before my face.

CHARLES.

Exactly what Frank told me.

LOVEGOLD.

And juſt now I caught my daughter reading and kiſſing this letter, which I ſuppoſe is from him.

CHARLES.

(Takes the letter)—Ay, this is his writing—O Charles! Charles! this impetuous temper will be thy bane!

LOVEGOLD.

This ſir is the meſſinger who brought it,

SILVERSIDES,

Conſtable do you know that old woman?

CONSTABLE.

No pleaſe your worſhip ſhe don't belong to our pariſh.

SILVERSIDES.

Commit her to the houſe of correction.

TOM.

Pray here me gentlemen i'm not to blame, I was willing to earn an honeſt penny—The gentleman call'd me to him, and

aſked

aſked me if I could read—I told him yes—Then take that letter, deliver it as directed with ſecrecy, and I will reward you.

SILVERSDES.

Let her be ſearch'd conſtable.

CHARLES.

Gentlemen I deſire you will defer this examination—I ſhould be glad to have a little diſcourſe with you; but I am affraid I ſhall catch cold with coming from a warm room.

LOVEGOLD.

Take her away conſtable and bring her in the morning.

CHARLES.

Come hither dame, you ſaid the gentleman promiſed to reward you for carrying his letter

TOM.

Yes and pleaſe your worſhip.

CHARLES.

The poor woman is very infirm, well you'll not ſee the gentleman again, but i'll make good his promiſe to you—*(gives money)* Conſtable you can get her a bed if ſhe pays for it?

CONSTABLE.

O! yes ſir.

CHARLES.

Make much of the conſtable and he will uſe you kindly.

TOM

Heaven bleſs you gentlemen—Mr. conſtable be ſo kind as to carry my baſket and ſtool, for I am not able to bear them.

Exit Tom and Conſtable.

CHARLES.

Mr. Lovegold give me your hand, you have ſatisfied me, and to prevent any more diſturbance, I have ordered him home to-

morrow

morrow morning—Madam I hope you will pardon my ſons addreſſing you in ſo rude a manner, your charms he pleads for his excuſe.—But Mr. Lovegold he ſhall have a wife of my choice, or I will make his heart ake.

LOVEGOLD.

And ſhe a huſband of my chooſing too.

LYDIA.

As you pleaſe gentlemen.

LOVEGOLD.

I have given her to this gentleman ſir, a gentleman of worth, and who has had experience in the world, therefore ſhe cannot fail of doing well.

CHARLES.

Happineſs attend you ſir—But you muſt be a man of ſpirit at your age to venture upon all the beauty this lady is poſſeſt off.

SILVERSIDES.

You are merry ſir.

LOVEGOLD.

I think a huſband ought to have advantage of years on his ſide.

CHARLES.

That is juſt as it happens—The lady I would have my Charles marry is conſiderably older—But ſhe is very rich and I would not have him under any obligation to his elder brother, neither would I divide my eſtates if I could help it for I love the boy and will provide for him.

LYDIA.

You ought to love him for he is your own likeneſs and has the tone of your voice.

CHARLES.

(Coughs and rubs his ſhins)—Ay, ay, I believe he is no baſtard his mother was a virtuous woman.

Enter

Enter CONSTABLE

CONSTABLE.

Pleaſe your worſhip's the old woman has thrown me down in the ſtreet, and before I could get up again ſhe eſcap'd from me.

SILVERSIDES.

Sirrah, ſirrah, find her out or I will make an example of you.

LOVEGOLD.

The conſtable's a rogue, he ſaw the gentleman give her money and has certainly taken a bribe to let her go.

CONSTABLE.

Pleaſe to grant an eſcape warrant—I will find her out or undergo your diſpleaſure?

SILVERSIDES.

You ſhall have one.

CHARLES.

I am a juſtice of peace in my country, and give me leave to ſay in this caſe, an eſcape warrant will look odd; you will be laugh'd at.

SILVERSIDES.

How laugh'd at for mentioning fact—Eſcap'd from the conſtable as he was conveying her to priſon, a lame decrepit old woman.

CHARLES.

Ha! ha! ha! by no means gentlemen, a decrepit old woman out run the conſtable, ha! ha! make no ſuch warrant, but I am of your opinion the conſtable has been privy to her eſcape.

LOVEGOLD.

Conſtable do you go and do your duty and take care her baſket don't run away.

CONSTABLE.

I'll charge aſſiſtance and if I catch her again i'll keep her ſafe until I know your worſhips pleaſure. *Exit.*

CHARLES.

Well gentlemen this buſineſs is over—I ſhall eſteem it a particular favour if you will drink a bottle or two of wine at my chambers this evening.

LOVEGOLD.

This gentleman and I are going to take a glaſs and a pipe. You will oblige me if you will take a glaſs with us.

CHARLES.

Some other time gentlemen—I dare not ſtay out of my room, neither dare I drink any other wine but my own whilſt I have this gout upon me.

Enter JENNY.

JENNY.

Sir your ſervant is here and would know your pleaſure.

CHARLES.

Deſire him to walk in—(*Enter* TOM)—Well Thomas what is your buſineſs here?

TOM.

I came with the glaſier to mend ſome windows Mr. Charles broke.

CHARLES.

Where is Charles?

TOM.

He is gone to bed he was not very well, and ordered me to take the key and ſuffer no body to diſturb him, until you got up in the morning.

CHARLES.

Have you pact up what he is to take with him?

TOM.

I have ſir.

Charles.

CHARLES.

Give me the key—*(gives a key bowing)*—Now I have the young ſpark ſafe.—Thomas let their be ſome wine ſet before the fire, and furniſh a table with the beſt proviſions you can get. Theſe gentlemen will do me the honour to ſup with me to night.

TOM.

Yes ſir. *(Bowes and Exit.*

SILVERSIDES.

Mr. Lovegold if you pleaſe i'll ſtay and have a little of your daughters company to night.

LYDIA.

Sir you know my father is always deſirous of your company. I hope you will excuſe me, I am ſo affected with the diſpleaſure of a parent, and the inſolence of a rake; that I cannot be company for any body to night.

CHARLES.

No excuſe gentlemen you'll oblidge me much, for I am very lonely being confined to my room; I ſhould not have ventur'd out had it not been upon this occaſion, but I hope matters will be agreeably ſettled to all our ſatisfactions.

LOVEGOLD.

We will wait upon you ſir.

CHARLES.

Madam happineſs attend you, when my ſon is acquainted with your marriage and reflects cooly of his haſty amour, and no hopes left of ſucceeding, time and abſence may reſtore him to his wonted ſtate of mind.

LYDIA.

I wiſh the young gentleman well—Perhaps you may be too preciptiate he ſeems to be poſſeſt of a ſpirit that will not eaſily brook controul.

CHARLES.

Pardon me madam in obſtructing his ſuit to you, i've already given my reaſons, no diſparagement to your beauty or family, if you was not already engag'd, I ſhould have been glad to propos'd an alliance with you for my eldeſt ſon.

LYDIA.

And would not you have given me the choice of your ſons?

CHARLES.

I ought madam—Mr. Lovegold I think the young lady has acted no way inconſiſtent with the rules of honour and virtue, nor could ſhe avoid my ſons addreſſing her.

LOVEGOLD.

Very true ſir, but ſhe need not have kiſt the letter with that vehemence as if ſhe had got him in her arms—*(Silverſides ſhakes his head)*

CHARLES.

Well, well, heavens bleſs you Miſs—Mr. Lovegold i'll ſend my ſervant to conduct you to my lodgings, and ſhall expect you with impatience.

Charles goes into the chair and Exit with ceremony.

LOVEGOLD.

We'll follow you ſir.

SILVERSIDES.

A crafty old fox I warrant him.

LOVEGOLD.

We ſhall know more of him by and by.

SILVERSIDES.

Well Miſs, ſince I cannot have the pleaſure of your company to night, give me leave to hope another time may be more favourable to my wiſhes.

LYDIA.

You know ſir I have no will of my own, my papa will undertake to anſwer for me.

Lovegold.

LOVEGOLD.

Yes, yes, i'll anſwer that you ſhall be Mrs. Silverſides before you are a week older; if you do not underſtand your own happineſs, wiſer heads muſt determine for you—Come Mr. Silverſides we will go take a bottle with this old gentleman.

Exeunt Lovegold, Silverſides and Lydia.

SCENE, FRANK *is diſcovered Reading.*

Enter TOM.

TOM.

We had like to have been blown Frank, Lovegold found me in his houſe, catch'd Miſs kiſſing the letter, ſent for the conſtable to confine me and ordered to be ſtrictly ſearch'd, but Charles got me excus'd until morning—As he was conveying me to his houſe I gave him ſuch a tumble as I ſuppoſe he will remember—So I eſcap'd from him.

FRANK.

Certainly you are not in earneſt.

TOM.

It is well their is no further occation for the old womans dreſs, I durſt not appear in it any more—But Charles will tell you the particulars.

FRANK.

How goes matters with Charles.

TOM.

He has the lady ſure—And both the old gentlemen are coming to ſup here to night.

Enter CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Courage my boys, courage, the town is our own.

FRANK.

Will you take it by ſtorm Charles?

Charles.

CHARLES.

No by treaty.

FRANK.

Let old Lovegold fine the article leaſt you bye the Lyons ſkin before the beaſt is taken.

TOM.

Or no wiſe Charles.

CHARLES.

I am glad to ſee you at liberty Tom, had you been diſcover'd we might have had knotty work.

TOM.

Had they ſearch'd and found me in breeches, I ſhould have been in a filthy condition.

CHARLES.

This affair to me becomes ſerious.

TOM.

What can gout, gray hairs and crutches die for love?

CHARLES.

I muſt own the young ladies caſe gives me uneaſineſs.

TOM.

Be your ſelf man we will do nothing diſhonourable.

FRANK.

Come no trifling lets go and conſult how we ſhall entertain the old gentlemen.

TOM.

Ay, ay, and the lady two Charles—*(puting his hand upon Charles ſhoulder)* *Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *in* CHARLES's *Room.*

CHARLES *discover'd perſonating his Father; Bottle and Glaſſes upon the Table.*

CHARLES.

WELL let the old gentlemen come as ſoon as they pleaſe, I am ready to receive 'em

Enter TOM *introducing* LOVEGOLD *and* SILVERSIDES.

CHARLES.

Gentlemen your ſervant.

LOVEGOLD.

Your ſervant ſir.

SILVERSIDES.

Sir your ſervant.

CHARLES.

Your hand Mr. Lovegold, yours Mr. Silverſides, I am gald to ſee you in theſe appartments—I think we three old heads can be a full match for thoſe two young ones.

LOVEGOLD.

Never fear ſir, I have given her a warming lecture ſince I ſee you.

CHARLES.

Thomas, let Frank know I would ſpeak with him—*Exit Tom.* I am glad I have the honour of your acquaintance—I hope we ſhall have ſome agreeable evenings together.

Enter

Enter FRANK.

CHARLES.

Frank conduct the gentlemen into the dining-room and accompany them at ſupper—Excuſe me gentlemen I dare not eat at nights, but I will do myſelf the pleaſure to wait upon you after ſupper—*(Exit Frank, Lovegold and Silverſides, with ſome ceremoney)*—You oblige me—Frank ſend Thomas to me.

Enter TOM *with Cloaths.*

CHARLES.

Help me to dreſs Tom I am very uneaſy.

TOM.

What ſhould make you uneaſy? you have the lady ſecure.

CHARLES.

I am ſenſible I have, but old Lovegold I am affraid we ſhall not get his conſent.

TOM.

You muſt put it to trial their is no flinching now.

CHARLES.

Poor young lady, ſhould our bodies be ſeperated (which heaven forbid) yet if loving you, will be any conſolation, you have my heart!

TOM.

Cheer up, this whining will never do Charles.

CHARLES.

Oh Tom! this is a bitter cup I am going to taſte.

TOM.

Bitters are good ſtomachics, waſh your mouth with a glaſs of wine—*(Tom fills a glaſs and drinks)*—Come ſucceſs—*(Fills another to Charles)*

CHARLES.

Succeſs to the well ending of this affair. Tom,

TOM.

Charles take heart, be not diſmay'd, we will make the old fellow melt, or I am much miſtaken.

CHARLES.

Well I go without a heart—Fare you well till I ſee you again.

TOM.

I wiſh you may fare well—But do not look us in the face unleſs you bring the lady with you—*(Exit Charles)*—This young fellow really is not himſelf, the love he firſt feign'd is realiz'd; which inſtead of being bold and venturous, makes him timerous and reſpectfull—Well if he fails in this enterpriſe he ſhall never be truſted with a firſt character again. *Exit Tom.*

SCENE *in* LOVEGOLD's *Houſe*: *Enter* LYDIA *and* JENNY.

JENNY.

Lord madam what has been the matter? I never ſee my maſter ſo angry in my life.

LYDIA.

It was concerning that letter the old woman brought—He has been ſcolding me in ſuch a manner as I am not able to bear.

JENNY.

If young gentlemen gives themſelves airs and ſend their letters, how can we help it.

LYDIA.

Indeed it happened unlucky, for I was kiſſing the letter when he came into the room; I had not time to conceal it.

JENNY.

It is a great pity that a young lady of your fortune ſhould be ſo diſtreſs'd in chooſing a huſband.

LYDIA,

Oh! I am cruſh'd betwixt two old covetous fellows—Was the match agreeable to me with old Silverſides; I might in time poſſeſs both their wealth, but what are riches with a diſcontented mind.

JENNY.

I believe madam the young gentleman ſympathizes with you.

LYDIA.

His ſituation and mine are alike—He muſt obey his fathers rigid commands; if not incur his diſpleaſure.

JENNY.

He will certainly take his leave before he goes?

LYDIA.

No he his gone ſick to his bed, and ordered that no body ſhould diſturb him till his father got up in the morning.

JENNY.

A ſcheme I will lay my life he has done that to take of all ſuſpicion.

LYDIA.

You give me words of comfort—But I greatly doubt——

JENNY.

Don't deſpair madam, their are critical minutes for lovers to catch.

LYDIA.

Should I have that oppertunity, and the gentleman upon honour—I would not ſcruple to go with him any where to avoid this deteſted match with Silverſides—*(three ſoft raps at the door)* See who is at the door.

JENNY *open's the Door:* CHARLES *Enters.*

CHARLES.

Madam I am aſhamed to approach you; I acknowledge my crime—But behold a penitent who hopes for pardon, as I did not intend what happened.

LYDIA.

Jenny go in, I ſhall call of you when I want you—*(Exit Jenny)*—Sir your behaviour was not the gentleman, I am certain you knew my ſituation; you had no authority for what you did.

Charles.

CHARLES.

I own it madam—And that is the reaſon of my paying you this viſit—In hopes you will excuſe me.

LYDIA.

Your letter ſir, got into my father's hands, which has cauſed great diſquiet in the family; he ſhew'd it to the gentleman to whom I am betrothed—He ſhook his head and ſaid nothing at that time, but it may give cauſe of future uneaſineſs betwixt us.

CHARLES.

My miſsfortunes are greater then I can bear—Oh heavens! why did you give my ſoul ſuch deſires without hopes of gratification—Madam, permit me to give vent to a hopeleſs paſſion. When firſt my eyes beheld you, your beauty appeared to me ſo tranſendant, which cauſed ſuch emotions, that I ſhall ever where your image in my heart.

LYDIA.

It is not conſiſtent with my honour ſir, in giving ear to this gallantry—Suppoſe the gentleman, or my father ſhould ſee me with you; what conjectures might they not have, and all to my prejudice.

CHARLES.

I knew you was alone, and was deſirous to ſee you—But ſince I have no hopes of a return to my love—I will take a laſt farewell—I ſhall ever wear your chains—Oh hard harted parents! I will never ſee you more.

LYDIA.

Take comfort ſir, time may relieve you———

CHARLES.

Impoſible madam—Oh! if Miſs Lovegold could conceive what torments I endure, when the only perſon I ſhall ever love, be compell'd into the arms of a miſer for the ſake of his riches.

LYDIA.

Do you intend to travel ſir?

CHARLES.

Yes madam to the utmoſt limit of the Globe—But I will join ſome belligerent power, and perhaps a ſhedder of blood, before a friendly ball meets this breaſt, and then (and not till then) ſhall I find repoſe.

LYDIA.

I own your caſe deſerves pity.

CHARLES.

And can you love old Silverſides.

LYDIA.

No ſir, you will excuſe me.

CHARLES.

O ye heavenly powers what have I done—Let me know my crimes, why this load greater then I can bear—I am like ſome miſerable wretch doom'd to die by hunger, and in his preſence are plac'd delicious viands which he muſt not taſte, only to increaſe his torture.

LYDIA.

Then ſir, to tell you ingenuouſly; if I had my own freewill, I would not marry old Silverſides?

CHARLES.

They are not parents who would ſacrifice their childrens peace of mind to their avaritious wills?—Oh my ſoul! let me place my heart to yours—It is ſo great a proficient in love, it will ſoon mould yours to it's temper—*(Claſping her in his arms] ſhe trembles then faints)*

LYDIA.

Oh! oh!

CHARLES.

How fares my love?—*(She recovers)*

LYDIA.

I am ſomething better—It is in vain to conceal my love any longer, my heart would be its own meſſenger. Charles.

CHARLES.

Oh my inraptured ſoul! I am all extacy—*(kiſſes her)*—I muſt have more ſubſtantials for my eager deſires.

LYDIA.

And have I truſted my honour with a villain——

CHARLES.

A villain! he muſt be, that would diſhonour where he loves. No madam appoint me the guardian of your honour, and to my laſt breath I would ſupport it.

LYDIA.

What would you have me do?

CHARLES.

Fly with me this inſtant from your fathers houſe—I will lead you to a place of ſafety, till we know the will of our fathers.

LYDIA.

I have nothing in readineſs—I am not prepar'd for a journey.

CHARLES.

You will need none; go as you are—Leave the reſt to my management.

LYDIA.

I dread the conſequence.

CHARLES.

Fear not my love, ſince our hearts are thus united—Thus fixt to one point, what difficulties we may not ſurmount.

LYDIA.

Then I am at your diſpoſal.

CHARLES.

It will be neceſſary to leave ſome orders with your ſervant, leſt ſhe be blamed as acceſſary to your eſcape.

LYDIA.

What orders ſir? Charles.

CHARLES.

Tell her you are going to ſup with your father, and ſhe muſt come to you in half an hours time.

LYDIA.

In half an hours time!

CHARLES.

It will be time enough to ſecure our retreat.

LYDIA.

I will queſtion no more—*(calls Jenny, ſhe Enters)*—Jenny, I am going to ſup with the old gentlemen, and do you come to me in half an hours time.

JENNY.

Yes madam.

CHARLES.

Sweetheart I have given you trouble—Pleaſe to accept a ſmall preſent—*(gives Jenny a piece of money)*—*(to Lydia)* If you pleaſe madam. *Exit Charles and Lydia.*

JENNY.

A civil gentleman—He has given me a piece of gold—Well if he does not cheat old Silverſides of his miſtreſs, I do not know what woman is—So much the better, the old woman told me I ſhould marry him—A fig then for miſtreſs Betty; I ſhall be call'd madam, and what would your madamſhip pleaſe to have; my miſtreſs may do what ſhe will with her old cloathes; I will wear as good as ſhe—And I will have a coach and ſaucy footmen; and when I come out of the play-houſe, it will be Mrs Silverſides ſervant; how pleaſantly that will ſound—I ſhall think myſelf no muſhroom, but can behave with the beſt of 'em—And I will behave civily to my old man, ſo long as he will let me do what I pleaſe—But the old woman ſaid I ſhould act with caution; then I am your humble ſervant yet, Miſs Lovegold I will wait upon you according to order. *Exit with pomp.*

Scene,

SCENE *in* CHARLES' *Houſe: Enter* CHARLES *and* LYDIA.

CHARLES.

Madam we are arrived to a place of ſafety—It is neceſſary I ſhould undeceive you.

LYDIA.

Have I been deceiv'd then!

CHARLES.

In every thing but my love.

LYDIA.

Then every thing elſe will I excuſe.

CHARLES.

Know then madam, I have profeſs'd a paſſion to you by falſe appearances—You might believe I was ſome rich man's ſon, but no ſuch thing, I am no man of fortune; and if I have gain'd your conſent only by thinking me ſuch, yet you are ſafe—I will conduct you back to your father's houſe, none of your friends ſhall know how far I have ſucceeded with you; I ſhall never have reſt to think I have given uneaſineſs to the lady I love.

LYDIA.

Sir this declaration gives me more pleaſure—I am now ſatisfied of your honourable intentions, and likewiſe gives me an opportunity to let you underſtand I have no pecuniary views—My fortune is link'd with yours, let fate work it's will.

CHARLES.

Forbear madam, I can never repay this kindneſs; I ſhall be a bankrupt in love—Take all my heart is fraught with, yet ſtill I am debtor.—*(Rings a bell.)*

LYDIA.

Fear not ſir, I ſhall compound with you upon moderate terms.

Enter

Enter TOM.

CHARLES.

Excuſe me a little madam—Tom help me to dreſs—*(putting on his flannels)*—Miſs do you remember this young man's face.

LYDIA.

Yes, he his your fathers ſervant.

CHARLES.

And do you remember no more of him.

LYDIA.

No—Pray what are you about?

CHARLES.

Look well at him—That's the old woman who told you your fortune, gave you my letter; and out run the conſtable.

LYDIA.

Impoſible!

CHARLES.

Make the lady ſenſible it was you Tom.

TOM.

Don't you remember madam that ſeven and ſeven is twelve, and ſeven is twenty four.

LYDIA.

O you are a merry ſpark.—*(ſmilling)*

CHARLES.

Come my love let me have your helping hand.

LYDIA.

In the name of goodneſs what is all this for—You look like your father.

CHARLES.

The very ſame love—This is to give your father another meeting, when I hope we ſhall be all reconciled. Lydia.

LYDIA.

Is not your father with the company.

CHARLES.

Behold in me both father and ſon—*(claſping her in his arms)* Where is my young rake now—I told you he ſhould have a wife of my chooſing or his heart ſhould ake.

LYDIA.

(Laughing immoderately)—Oh! ſupport me or I ſhall ſink, I am tranſported with rapture—Was ever any of my ſex ſo woo'd and won as I have been.

CHARLES.

Now my love we muſt be abſent a little whilſt I give the company a meeting—I hope you will not think the time tedious.

LYDIA.

I ſhall wait with pleaſure ſince I am under your direction.

CHARLES.

Tom, ſhew the lady to an apartment and come to me again. *(To Lydia)*—And if I gain your fathers conſent, my happineſs will be compleat.

LYDIA.

And if you meet his refuſal, I will not be compell'd to marry old Silverſides—Should he ſend me from home, by ſome means or other, you ſhall know the place of my abode—I wiſh to ſee my father.—*(Charles bowes, and looks after her with concern.*

Exit Tom and Lydia.

CHARLES.

Matchleſs woman—Oh my full heart!—*(placing himſelf in the chair.*

Enter TOM.

TOM.

Why what's the matter, all in the dumps again—Poor thing did 'em grieve it; what do you want ye young dog, have you

not the woman you love in your poſſeſſion both body and ſoul. Can you deſire more—*(a raping, Tom opens the door.*

Enter JENNY.

JENNY.

Sir, I am come to wait upon my miſtreſs.

TOM.

Pray walk in.

CHARLES.

What do you want ſweetheart?

JENNY.

I am come for my miſtreſs, ſir.

CHARLES.

Who is your miſtreſs?

JENNY.

Miſs Lovegold ſir.

CHARLES.

Thomas, let Mr. Lovegold know his ſervant is here—*(Exit Tom)*—How came you to think of enquiring for your young lady here—I lock'd up my ſon to prevent their coming together.

Enter LOVEGOLD *and* TOM.—

LOVEGOLD.

Well Jenny what do you want?

JENNY.

I am come for my miſtreſs, ſir.

LOVEGOLD.

She his not her!

JENNY.

She went out with that young gentleman who was ſo drunk, before our door this evening. Charles.

CHARLES.

How is that girl?

JENNY.

Sir ſhe ſaid they were coming to ſup here, and that I might wait upon her in half an hour's time.

CHARLES.

Tom, let Frank know I want him—Deſire Mr. Silverſides, and come your ſelf. *Exit Tom.*

LOVEGOLD.

Are you not miſtaken Jenny!

JENNY.

No indeed ſir, I am not.

Enter SILVERSIDES, FRANK *and* TOM.

CHARLES.

Here is fine work Mr. Silverſides—My ſon and Miſs Lovegold are gone off together, but I think ſhe is miſtaken—Tom, go ſee if Charles is not in his chamber. *Exit Tom.*

SILVERSIDES.

They cannot have gotten far.

LOVEGOLD.

If it be ſo we may ſoon over take them—Mr. Silverſides you will lend us your aſſiſtance?

SILVERSIDES.

With all my heart—I will go myſelf.

Enter TOM.

TOM.

Sir he has broke his chamber door open and taken the fire-arms.

CHARLES.

Take horſes immediatley and purſue them—Mr Lovegold and Mr. Silverſides will aſſiſt you—And Frank do you go.

TOM.

Sir I know Mr. Charles's reſolute temper, who ever attacks him are in danger of their lives—I hope you will excuſe me.

CHARLES.

Cowardly raſcal—Mr. Silverſides will not you venture for your miſtreſs?

SILVERSIDES.

Not I indeed—I will have no more to ſay to ſuch light-heel'd huſſys. *Exit Silverſides, Jenny following.*

CHARLES.

If I was not laid up with this gout, I would ſoon over take them—Mr. Lovegold you ſee Mr. Silverſides has given it up.

LOVEGOLD.

I am not determined what I ſhall do.

CHARLES.

Will nobody follow them—Well Charles for this undutiful act of thine, I will caſt the off.—Thy elder brother ſhall inherit all my eſtates.

LOVEGOLD.

And I will give all mine to the *Lunatic-Hoſpital.*

FRANK.

Gentlemen what has this young couple done to deſerve this treatment—They love each other, and to gratify a mutual inclination have conſented to an honourable marriage—You both in a great meaſure are acceſſary to this haſty match—You ſir, *(to Charles)*—inſiſted on his marrying a lady againſt his inclination becauſe ſhe was rich, and from whom you could expect no iſſue—And you, Mr. Lovegold having an only child; would ſacrifice her peace of mind, in obliging her to marry an old man,

man for the ſake of his wealth—What iſſue might you expect from his loins; a rickety race not worth your rearing—Charles his young, your daughter blooming; they will preſent you grand children of your own likeneſs—Be reconcil'd ſir, ſhe is your child and has a right of inheritance.

LOVEGOLD.

Sir I think your ſon is in the right—I am willing to give them my bleſſing.

CHARLES.

Then I am well ſatisfied—I will wait upon you preſently.

Exit Charles.

FRANK.

Sir to leave your fortune to the *Lunatic-Hoſpital*, would be a laudable charity if you had no child—Let us ſuppoſe the gentleman your daughter is gone off with, ſhould not be a man of fortune—You are diſpleas'd with the match, makes all your effects to charitable uſes—What will be the conſequence; you can never enjoy peace of mind, and your children depriv'd of their fathers bleſſing, will likewiſe lead a life of diſcontent.

LOVEGOLD.

You have ſaid enough ſir.

FRANK.

But give me leave to point the contrary—You take your children to your favour, they will be the ſupport of your age. Think when you are ſet in your chair of eaſe, with four or five babes prating around you; a ſweet boy, perhaps your own likeneſs, comes grand papa, don't you love me beſt, no grand papa, you love me beſt, ſays another—And ſtriving to rival each other in your favour; whilſt you have ſome toys or ſweetmeats to diſtribute, which will give them all pleaſure—View that picture and I think it will require no conſideration on which ſide to determine.

LOVEGOLD.

I am reconcil'd.

Frank.

FRANK.

When you enjoy thoſe bleſſings, your days will be prolong'd to old age—And when you meet the ſtroke of nature, you will lay down with peace in hopes of future happineſs.

LOVEGOLD.

I long to give them my bleſſing.

FRANK.

Sir you ſhall have that oppertunity preſently—*(to Tom)*—Be ſo good as to acquaint Mr. Lovegold what you know of this affair.

Exit Frank.

TOM.

Sir, it is neceſſary you ſhould be acquainted with what and who we are—Know then whe were born gentlemen, of parents who poſſeſs a competency, though not an affluence of fortune; we have made an elopement from college, where we have been ſtudying to qualify us for the long-robe—Hearing how you intended to diſpoſe of your daughter; we form'd a ſcheme to take her from you, or break of the match—How far we have ſucceeded you already know; they only wait for your conſent, for they will not marry without your approbation.

LOVEGOLD.

I have been deceiv'd———

TOM.

In ſome meaſure you have—Should you retract and take her again, you will receive her without blemiſh—But here they come.

Enter FRANK, CHARLES *and* LYDIA.

FRANK.

Here are your children who only wait for your bleſſing to compleat their happineſs.

LOVEGOLD.

Where is the gentleman your father?

CHARLES.

Sir, I hope you will excuſe the ſtratagems I have uſed to gain your daughters love—You ſee in me both father and ſon.

LOVEGOLD.

I will not bear this impoſition—In this caſe I am not under the leaſt obligation to keep my word; I ſhall be the jeſt of the town.—Beſides I have already betroth'd her to Mr. Silverſides.

CHARLES.

What will not youth do to obtain the object of his deſires—I gain'd your daughter's love by an artifice, but I related to her the minuteſt circumſtance on what depended our future happineſs; out of her great love ſaid ſhe would ſhare with me though in misfortune; but was deſirous to ſee her father—And as we cannot both have your bleſſing I here reſtore her, though I loſe all that is dear to me.

LOVEGOLD.

I muſt acknowledge this is honourable.

CHARLES.

Love farewell—I hope heaven has ſtore of bleſſings for you, whilſt I become a wanderer in exile, with a heart overwelm'd with ſorrow, and ſhall not know when or where to ſeek repoſe.

LYDIA.

And can you ſo eaſily caſt me off—She who has give you her ſoul, and look'd upon you as her only protector.

CHARLES.

Madam my heart bleeds to think what you will ſuffer if depriv'd of your fathers bleſſing—Let me depart with all my load of ſorrow, and I hope time may reſtore peace to your mind.—*(to Lovegold)*—Take her ſir and comfort her, ſhe his worthy of all the love you can beſtow, let their be no reflections caſt upon her conduct—For this breach of duty you have her from me ſpotleſs, either in thought, word, or deed—*(to Lydia)*—Heavens preſerve my love.—*(going)*

LYDIA.

(Holds him)—Stay ſir, I conjure you ſtay a moment longer. *(on her knees to her father)*—Sir, can you ſee your only child thus afflicted, and deny me releif; torn from the man I love—Should you caſt me off, think what my divided heart will ſuffer when my aged

aged father will be childless—No comfort near him, she who ſhould have been the ſupport of his age, is the cauſe of his ſorrow. Think what I ſhall endure, take us to your favour, it is the only expedient to happineſs—And ſhould you deny me this boon my life is miſerable.

LOVEGOLD.

Heaven preſerve my child—*(to Charles)*—Come ſir, come you are both my children—*(Charles kneeling)*—May your days be long and happy—*(the uſual compliments.)*

FRANK.

(To Lydia)—Madam I hope you will excuſe thoſe deceptions. We have practiſed ſtratagems in love or war to gain a victory are laudable.

LYDIA.

Sir, to be thus won gives me pleaſure—I will yearly celebrate this day, and I doubt not but the eve of my marriage, will prove the eve to happineſs.

TOM.

(To Lovegold)—Sir, I hope you will excuſe the conſtable—It was I that perſonated the old woman and treated him ſo roughly, but to make him ſome amends, he may keep my baſket with all my merchandiſe.

LOVEGOLD.

Laughing)—Come gentlemen, the night is not far ſpent—All go with me, and to recount your toils of this day, will give a reliſh to a bottle—And to-morrow morning I will compleat their happineſs, if all my poſſeſſions will do it—If you pleaſe I will lead the way. *Exeunt Omnes in form.*

FINIS.